XXXIICB Italians

Italian

Analyzed

ITALIAN

Born in Italy, May 11th, 1902, Pietro's ~~His~~ father was a barber and the father of six children, four boys and two girls. He could barely make a living for the family at his trade so the children were obliged to go out and find work while they were still quite young; ~~and~~ this boy earned what he could by shining shoes. He carried his brushes and polish in a small box wherever he went and his patrons were obliged to stand with one foot on his small box while he cleaned and polished their shoes. In this way he earned a few cents each day and this he turned over to his parents. He had an uncle living in San Francisco who offered to send him enough money to pay his fare and expenses to California. He consulted his parents and got their permission to leave his home and come to America. He arrived in New York, April, 1919 and immediately came on to San Francisco and joined his uncle who was engaged in a shoe repair business. His uncle gave him his first job. This was delivering shoes that had been repaired to shoe stores where the work had been obtained. He did this work for over one year, and at the same time learned what English he could, the salesman were always joking with him, as he was very good natured, and in this way he soon learned to speak quite well. Early in 1920 one of the stores

where he delivered the repair work for his uncle, put in a shine stand and he was offered the job, and he was to receive a certain guarantee and a liberal commission if he built up a profitable business, and it wasn't long before he proved himself to be an excellent bootblack. He was earning what he considered very good money, and early in the fall of 1920 he was offered a job assisting the janitor in this store. This he did after closing hours which made it convenient for him to handle both jobs; all during this time he was saving money and in 1921 he married a girl from his native land and she proved to be just as thrifty as he, so in 1922 they had enough money saved to make a down payment on a flat on Jackson Street in San Francisco. They bought the flat and furnished half of it for themselves and rented the other half unfurnished. In this way it was easy for them to make their payments on the flat and they were also able to save some money besides.

He worked for nine years in this store, then suddenly decided to open a shoe shining and shoe dyeing business for himself, At first this venture didn't prove so profitable as he anticipated it would, but after sticking with it and not earning much for over a year, he finally worked up a nice little business and he still has it and is earning a living. He thinks, however, that

he would have been better off to have stayed with the store where he had worked so long. They now have their flat paid for and have two nice children that are going to school and some day he hopes to take a trip to his native land. He has taken out his citizenship papers and has no desire to live any place other than San Francisco.

Subject: Angelo F.

Nationality: Italian

Age: 58

Condition: retired store owner

Status: middle-class of Italian colony

History

Angelo F. was born of fairly poor but apparently respectable parents in the summer of 1876, near Naples.

His father was a successful truck gardener and owned his own farms and buildings, employing several helpers. (Probably an over-statement for prestige of Angelo - but father appears to have been more an employer than employee.)

His mother was a southern Italian and he described her as short, dark, and very beautiful. His father was also of the southern Italian type.

Angelo was the fifth son to be born, his mother dying shortly after his birth.

He lived on the paternal farm until about seventeen, working with the hired laborers and learning the job. His brothers, with one exception - one ran away to join the army later - worked with them.

When he was seventeen he moved into Naples and into the family of an uncle for whom he was named. This man ran a vegetable and fruit stall in the city and Angelo worked here for about ten years. During this period he served his term in the Italian army. When he returned from service he married and moved to a separate establishment though still working for his uncle. (Was unable to find out whether this was a real 'store' or just a stand).

Two of his older brothers had come to America before 1900 and when his father died in 1904 he decided to come, but it was not until 1907 that he and his wife and two children - youngest a girl, older a boy - sailed from Naples to New York to join his brothers and their family. He was now 31 years old, his wife 27.

Apparently they entered business with relatives or friends in or near New York City (very vague about this period) but had a very difficult time. Friends (he apparently has an unlimited number) urged him to California and about 1910 he and one brother, unmarried, came to Sacramento and lived for some time. They worked for an Italian vegetable firm, but apparently did various kinds of work from actual laboring to clerking. (Remembers how hot Sacramento was!)

In 1911 (age 35) he and his family - his daughter having died but another son being born - moved to South San Francisco and lived with friends in the truck gardening business. He did actual laborers work during this period and was successful at it for in 1918 - not being involved during the war - he and another Italian opened a fruit stall in a little shopping district near Daly City. This business grew and expanded until about 1927, when his sons, who had been working with him, took over the business and he - age 49 - retired.

He dosent work now, and has been in poor health and eye-sight for several years. He is very voluble and very amusing.

Former Status: Lower middle class store owner in Italy, son of middle class employer.

Apparently prosperously settled, according to Italian standards.

Present Status: Retired on good business; very comfortably settled.

His sons are married and he lives with one of them. His wife died during some influenza epidemic (1921?). Both sons are running the business. His father died many years ago. One brother was killed in the war, one remained in Italy [illegible] and family remained in New York and are 'doing well', one died a few years ago leaving no family.

Education: Received the minimum of public school education but being very smart picked up a good deal when in the army, etc.

Can read Italian haltingly and write it; speaks very broken English but very quick to understand it - does not write it now as eyes too bad , but apparently in the past he could do fairly good writing.

Attitudes: Talks a great deal of this 'wonerful country'; much prefers it to Italy but is quick to defend any of his former countries customs, institutions or political doings. He considers Italians much cleverer than we give them credit for - as smart as Americans according to him. Still lives on Italian food only, imported kinds. Used to take Neapolitan papers but no longer - reads slowly the local Italian papers - much interested in politics.

Was more or less unaffected by the depression as his business continued well and he was retired. Has very little to say about it.

Never a church member or attender, goes only on important moments in life. Respects it highly, however, has only good to say for it.

Report of H. M. Gabriel for S-E-R-A Week

96a

circling Cleveland for 1st half.

(Report 2nd)

(1)

This week I left Cleveland with the Pastors
Institute Workers for the Greater Cities for the
Central Section of North Dakota. We had
7 Cleveland Pastors with us. The
Institute opened Monday evening
Tuesday forenoon with the usual organization
meeting, Tuesday afternoon
Tuesday evening
Wednesday forenoon
Wednesday afternoon
Wednesday evening
Thursday forenoon
Thursday afternoon
Thursday evening
Friday forenoon
Friday afternoon
Friday evening
Saturday forenoon
Saturday afternoon
Saturday evening
Sunday forenoon
Sunday afternoon
Sunday evening
Monday forenoon
Monday afternoon
Monday evening
Tuesday forenoon

Age 42
Sex male
Nationality - Italian

The man under consideration has been trying all his life to be an artist, a good artist, and has at times, at least in the eyes of other local painters, succeeded. Because of a chaotic sort of existence and great difficulties to be overcome his work shows a violent strain which at times gives magnificence and power to his canvases but more often merely looks like uncontrolled emotions.

Tho born of italian parents he was brought up in Poland by an aunt, having lost both his parents, a brother and two sisters in a plague which swept over southern Europe, he says, when he was three. What the disease was he does not know, but says people died within a week "of first catching a fever."

His aunt hired a tutor for him and his cousins, but his childhood was a continual escaping from lessons to hunt birds' nests, go swimming in streams miles away, picking fights with boys in the town, coming home dirty and with torn clothing to be chastised with the whip, being good for a few days and then off again to hunt adventures. When 15 he joined the Polish army where he suffered for a year from cold, hunger, and the cruel disciplinary measures. He then deserted and the story of how he travelled over Europe without a visa, after stealing some civilian clothes, is highly interesting but probably just as highly exaggerated, and

of running the shop, taking care of her little boy and a sick husband became too much, her health broke down and they lost the shop. The next ten years was quite chaotic. He would have spells of "bohemianism" and decide to starve and paint, wandering around galleries and friends' studios, discussing philosophy and art, taking odd jobs if they came along. Then, disgusted with this life he would work very hard for a couple of years and become the real business man, only to go back to the former life again and scorn money for awhile.

Finally saving some money the family came to San Francisco where he attempted to combine both types of living and is now in very ill health from the continual strain of hard work, fast play, and violent emotion expended upon every situation which enters his life. Although a skillful furniture maker, his irresponsibility makes it difficult to get work

would fill a life-size novel. He finally turned up in his home town, much to the horror of his relatives who refused to harbor him, and he was taken in by the family of a girl whom he had always felt sentimental about and whom he then decided to marry. They and her younger brother took most of the money her parents had saved and fled in the night to a seaport town where, after having passports "fixed up" by a professional "fixer" they took steerage for America, marrying after arriving in New York.

Neither of them had a friend or relative in this country, nor could they speak english but they were young, strong and intelligent, so life soon became easy and pleasant. He got work in a small furniture factory where the manager spoke italian, and taking a liking to the boy, undertook to teach him the business of making expensive "antique" furniture. His wife learned upholstering at the same place and within a year they both knew all the tricks of the trade and had paid back the money stolen from her father.

Two years later, at the outbreak of the war, they had a baby boy and their own factory which would have faired well, had he not begun to spend more and more time at home, painting. But prices were high and they lived decently, in spite of his eccentricities until he was drafted and sent to France to return slightly shell-shocked and very morbid. His wife had kept the factory running as an upholstery shop but now the strain

(over)

Lucia Lotti - Rom Bitonto, Italy. [illegible] - 56

[illegible] of a family of [illegible] children she was
raised on a farm where she worked hard with her
brothers doing the same work and receiving no
preference shown her. At the age of twenty one
she came to America and was married during
the same year. Her husband was a miner which
occupation he followed until his death [illegible]
years ago. She boasts of being quite well off,
owning a farm in Colorado and also two
houses in Oakland. Although she says that
her husband very seldom lost a day's work
she gives him no credit for the prosperous
condition she now enjoys. The [illegible]
Colorado was willed to the husband upon the
death of his father and she received $2,000
insurance upon the husbands death. She
readily admits selling home made
liquors during the period of prohibition and
boasts that she must be a better cook as she
has been patronized by the best [illegible] present
she is the proprietress of a restaurant and
liquor establishment on Broadway.

In 1926 she visited her mother in Italy
returning here six months later. She [illegible]

this State the finest country in the world but admits she would rather not live there permanently. [illegible] Technical High school, and four daughters married. The boy's attendance at school has been irregular owing to his having attend to the serving of drinks at the establishment. She would rather cater to the State trade, because [illegible] English is very bad.

[illegible]

[illegible] the age of [illegible] years [illegible] [illegible]
with [illegible] Italy [illegible] [illegible]
farm [illegible] very small and they [illegible] a [illegible]
time getting along. At a very early age [illegible] was
forced to work from early morning [illegible] late at
night in the fields. He had very little
schooling, probably about three years in all.
When he was fourteen his mother died and
one year later his father also died. He had
no relatives in Italy and a friend of the
family took him to live with them. They did
not [illegible] people and they secured for him a
position in a coal mine. He worked at this
until 1929 when he discovered he had an
aunt in this country, and after corresponding
with her she arranged [illegible] to come to
America. Shortly after his
arrival here he went to night school and
was fortunate in obtaining a position as
[illegible]. His greatest desire was to speak
English fluently and he has done

(Over)

remarkably useful. He is now [illegible]
on a large estate and has applied for
to become a citizen. He has no desire to
return to Italy as he has left no relatives
nothing but poverty and the poorest
prospects to look forward to in the land of

Anthony Schmuckle - Born Tyrol, Italy. Age 36
at the outbreak of world war was living with
parents on a farm. When hostilities began he was
drafted into the Austrian army. During the
time was on Austrian possession. In
1915 he was taken prisoner of war by the
Russians and was sent out to a farm to
work for the Russian farmer. Conditions here
were very bad at the farm he was put
into the cellar at night. He was always
hungry. The Russian winter weather. When first time
he was in a very run down condition and upon
the advice of his doctor came to Canada to
separate. He had intended that he was
intention of doing so. He sought employment
he followed until he could get enough money
accomplish. Having by this time mastered the English language and decided
become a citizen, he once more applied
again, this time by a Part B - Farmer.

(Continued)

(Anthony Bellavance) 2

He proved himself - my son and his
fortunate enough to hold his position through
the worst shortage of labor. His wife
wife has helped him tremendously and he
is splendid type of [illegible]

Biography of Mr. C. M. by M. Rizzoli

Mr. C. M. was born in Tagliotto province of Genoa the year 1894. The father was a shoe maker the mother was a peasant. In my youth I went to the elementary school and then to the royal tecnical school of Genoa, my family wanted to make a doctor of me but at the end of the tird year of tecnical school I had to quit school i was to much of a burdend to my father income on continuing the school. I was then 16 yars old, and i started to work with my father in the shoe shops.
I worked there until the age of 20 then i had to enlist in the royal ormy for 3 year service, i dint like it i discussed over with my father and d came to the U. S. I arrived in New York the 10 April 1914 and i soon finded work in my trade. Two years later i opened a shop of my own and the business was considerably good. When the U. S. entered the world war i had to sell the shop and enliste in the U. S. army. A month later they assigned me to a shoe factory in New Jersey to supervise the military production. I was glad of because i dint had to go at the front.
I remained there until the end of the war and then i came in California with the help of a cousin i fiast opened a shop in San Matteo

and in 1921 i came to San Francisco were i still reside. I am still a bacelor because i figure that with my income it is impossible to raise ~~it as i like~~ a family in the way wich i would like. I earned plenty of money bet the stok crash got me, and now i barely make the leaving being in the shop from 8 in the morning to 7 in the evening.

Biography of Mr. A. C. by M. Rizzoli

Mr. A.C. has 38 years maried with four childrens.
I was born in Napoli the year 1896 My father was a fisherman my mother an house wife. In my youth i had no chance to go to school, because my family was to poor, and from the age of 12 to 17 i had to help my father on fishing. At the age of 17 i went to work as sailor helper i was anxious to travel, to see the world. The first voiage i went to Calcutta (india) and then in Africa and Europe mainly. At the age of 20 i was then working on the navigaziane Generale Italiana on a passenger liner that was comming to New York. I deserted, because if i would have returned to Italy i would have had to enlist in the italian navy. In New York i went fishing with an italian gang and i remained with them till the U.S. entered the war. Then i decided to quit New York in a way to be able to avoid enlistement in the U.S. army or navy, i was against the war. Here i went fishing in Monterei but sooner that i would immagine i had to enliste in the U.S. navy. In the navy i was assigned to a transporto that was in service from New York to Bordeaux in France, and there i had to remain until the end of the war. In 1919 i was discarded from the U.S. navy and i returned to Monterei in 1920 i maried and in 1921 my first child was born and now i have four of them; two male and two female

In 1926 i went fishing in Alasca and i cleared
$2.2000 then i decided to retire to San Fransisco and
i bought a small groceric. In the beginning business
was very good and i was earning money, but since
the stok market crash he went from bed to worst
and in 1932 i had to close, and return fishing.
Now my family his in good healt but my earning
is barely enough to hip it goin.

Biography of Mr. A. L. by. M. Rizzoli

Mr. A. L. is maried and has one child; he is 40 years old.
I was born in Magenta province of Milan the year 1895
my father was a tailor my mother was working with him a
in the same shop. On my youth they send me to school the
elementary first the royal tecnical school of Milan then
until they send me to the royal ~~accademy~~ university of Pavia.
As soon I recived my diploma of doctor in law i was recruited
in the royal army with the rank of tencut i was send to
the front and I partecipated few months in the first ranks
fight. I dint like that; why kill the Austrian youth that
was send against us? just to create some deposit of row
material for some milionaire industrialist? to divide up
Europe and the colonial country? to create new market?
Was all that buckery worth so small item? That was my touth
when from the camando came the new that Austria
wanted the peace it was the 3 of November 1918; but insputo that
we knowed that Austria wanted the peace we continued the
fight shouting for the all day, and during the nite we
followed de Austrian that were in a disorderly retreat.
We went to Vienna and we were kept there for about
a mont then they retreated us to Trento. There they
were enlisting regolar soldier for duty in Hungaria but
the old soldier dint volontary because they said that there
it was the revolution and it was the revolutionary
council of the Hungarian worker's farmers and soldiers that
was in power. That fore no body wanted to fight against.

On the end of 1921 i was relised from the army but i was disgusted. I wanted to open an office, but even those that were established dint have much to do. I decided to emigrate i came to new York were i wanted to practice law there, but there i ad to study the american law and my means were exousted. I went to work for the "Corriere degli italiani" (Courier of the italian) as an accountant. I got maried and i saved up some mooney but the stok crash, got it, and i was left brock and demoralized. I then decided to come to San Francisco, here i finded work as accountant for an italian firm, but the wages that i recive is barely enought to fed me, my wife and cild.

Biography of Mr. A. P. by M. Rizzoli

Mr. A. P. was born in Arona prov. of Novara the year 1892. His family was of 8 with father and mother comprised he is the second one. His father was a bucher his mother was working as sales woman in a departement store. In my youth i frequented the elementary school and then for 2 year the tecnical school, but i was to much life that instead of studiing, in the school we wanted only play and make fun out of the professors. Coming ad knowledge of this my father send me to Milan as sausagemaker apprentice. There the work was ard and the ours ~~work~~ were long 12-14 a day. After 3 years that i was working there i was graduated as sausage maker instead of apprentice and my wages was increased from ~~L.~~ 0.50 a day to Lira 2.00 a day (from 10 ¢. to 40 ¢. am. money) this was much and i wanted to go else were but my family dint woned, so i remained there a year longer or rather until i had to enliste in the royal army. In the royal army they put me in the 84 regiment sharpshatters and 6 months after i was send in Libia to fight againts the arabs and turc i remained there until 1915 when i was supposed to be discarded, but instead to be discarded they gave me 20 days vacation and then sended to the Austrian front. In Libia i dint like to faight, because i was asking miself wath did dis peoples do to me that i dint even never seen them

and they are worker as i am, they love their one family, and land as i doo! ~~wh~~ shall i fight against them? One other question ~~wh~~ wy i dint like to stay in Libia it was the soon eat, and the scarcity of water. Now it was the fight against the Austrians.
I remained at the front practically about all the war time. I was wounded 3 times one in the hed and two in the legs. In the end of November 1919 i was discarded, but commig home i could finds no job, so i went in France, there i worked for 3 months and then i was laid off, i returned home, i wrote to an uncle of mine that was here in San Francisco to send me the passage money and a request in a way that i could enter the U. S. In the summer 1920 i was finally able to reach San Francisco. Here i soon finded work and i worked quite steady until 1931. I saved some money and i lost it practically all in the stok crash now i work quite steady again but i can save nothing any more, because the wages is being cut several time. I am still a bacellor because my healt is not so good on account the world war, and then wy get maried to raise childrens to send to war? I was naturalized citizen of the U. S. in 1924.

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

In the year 1901 John D., came to San Francisco with his father and mother directly from Rome, Italy. He was then five years old. His father was a representative of an Italian firm exporting olive oil and had no intention of staying permanently in this country. John went to school in San Francisco until he was eleven when his parents took him back to Italy. He speaks the English language perfectly.

He relates that returning to Italy made him a stranger in the land of his birth. His schooling in San Francisco had commenced him and he did not fit into Italian life. He thinks his experience upon returned to Italian schools was about on a par with what some Italian boys go through

of the depression. He is married and has four children.

In the life of Lorimer, in America it is rather amazing to note the ease that he has had. There was no poverty; no long periods of failure and worry - nothing but a gradual development toward a well paying position that has meant comfort and good living. The only struggle he has had - at step with his character - was to succeed in the army - and this he was placed in a position that excluded all the dangers and hardships of life in the trenches. By causing the fact that his father was plainly well-to-do and to aid him with his purse strings he was financed many ups started in work and it also had great difficulties. which has come upon money to begin with; careful planning; determination - and a touch of luck.

He is a typical American with that a fine of the Scotch-Irish mixture that has contributed his part and [illegible]

in American schools. Even while still very young he made up his mind to return to America at the first opportunity. In 1911 when he was sixteen his parents again came to San Francisco. Sabo returned to school. In 1913 the Balkan war [illegible] his father failed and it was [illegible] that [illegible] decided to stay [illegible] in America. John was going to college at this time and it was mainly for his benefit that the family remained here. In 1917 when John was twenty-one, in spite of the objections of the pacifists, he enlisted in the U.S. army. Being a first class cook he was assigned to the Canadian Frontier and remained in San Francisco until being discharged from the army he returned to college and in 1921 accepted a position in the chemical laboratory of [illegible]. He has been there ever since; now nearing a days work during the week

[illegible] as nearly in place he has visited. His friends and all Armenians. He shares interest to take is his father and mother - esse really his brother. His father can speak English well and was employed as an Armenian - that is an Italian - [illegible] but his mother speaks very little English and is typically of the old country. Did. Op! wants him to return to Italy to end his life.

Subject - Italian

This fellow was born in a small town on the southwest coast of Sicily in 1886 of parents of moderate circumstances. His parents + relatives were all engaged in some phase or other of the shipping business from clerking to actual sailing.

As a boy he attended a neighborhood school where he learned the fundamentals plus a few cultural subjects, the schooling being about the equivalent of a grammer school education more or less. He was very much interested in + successful with his schooling + would have continued further study but his parents were very old + he had to go to work to help support them. He got a job with one of the shipping companies as an office boy + minor clerk through the influence of one of his relatives. After working at this position with little success for a number of years his father died followed about two years thereafter by his mother. Being the youngest child, only 16 at the time, and being the only one unmarried he went to the United States with his uncle, who was leaving with his family at the time.

On arriving in New York he decided to avail himself of the opportunities afforded by the night schools. There he learned the English language well, among other things. Later he took up bookkeeping + became very proficient at it. This knowledge stood him in good stead for there were a number of Italian merchants in his neighborhood who found it very convenient to have someone come in once a week to straighten out their accounts. With a little enterprise he was able to work up enough customers of this kind to

his schooling along these lines as long as he wished, supplementing his night school training with that of a business school training.

Later he got a position with a brokerage firm representing a paper mill concern & acquitted himself well. There he learned the paper business & became impressed by the opportunities presented. The company for which he was working had been represented by a wholesale grocery company in San Francisco & the results weren't satisfactory to the brokerage firm; ~~and~~, knowing of this he approached the head of the firm offering to take over what little business they were getting on the coast & offering to foot the expenses of the office required there. This offer they accepted putting him on a contingent salary dependent on his being able to get business. It was in effect a commission basis without any guaranty of any kind. He accepted the terms despite the rather unsatisfactory remuneration involved. At first he had great difficulty getting started, but once started the business improved slowly but surely. The commission method of remuneration then worked to his advantage & in order to anticipate the demand he personally contracted for future warehousing space & other necessities for the carrying out of the business.

Having married in New York a woman of Italian nationality & having five children he incurred many obligations furniture, a car, & a home, not to mention many unnecessary items.

With the depression came a great decrease in his business & a great loss of profits. Prices dropped & his contracts made at a much higher price than

the resale price at depression prices caused him great expenses. Increasing his losses come other items such as overhead + household obligations, all contracted for at pre depression prices. The brokerage firm in New York was forced + barely able to take over the branches' obligations + also the office, putting him on a small salary as compared to what he was previously making.

He said he hasn't encountered much prejudice against him as a foreigner + that the only prejudice he had encountered was when he first entered the brokerage firm in New York + he doubts whether that was directed against him out of ~~jealousy~~ feeling against him as a foreigner. He believes that feeling was because of jealousy more than anything else.

3-7 F. Miller (1) 1-30

Born in Italy May 1st 1902 his father was a barber and the father of six children four boys and two girls he could barely make a living for the family at his trade so the children were obliged to go out and find work while they were still quite young, and this boy earned what he could by shining shoes. He carried his brushes and polish in a small box where ever he went and his patrons were obliged to stand with one foot on his small box while he cleaned and polished their shoes in this way he earned a few cents each day and this he turned over to his parents. He had an Uncle living in San Francisco who offered to send him enough money to pay his fare and expenses to California, he consulted his parents and got their permission to leave his home and come to america. He arrived in New York, April, 1919 and immediately came on to San Francisco and joined his Uncle who was engaged in a shoe repair business. His uncle gave him his first job this was delivering shoes that had been repaired to shoe stores where he work had been obtained.

He did this work for over one year and at the same time learned what English he could, the salesmen were always joking with him. as he was very good natured and in this way he soon learned to speak quite well. Early in 1920 one of the stores where he delivered the repair work for this uncle, put in a shine stand and he as offered the job he was to receive a certain guarantee and ~~and~~ a liberal commission if he built up a profitable business, and it wasn't long before he proved himself to be an excellent bootblack and he was earning what is considered very good money; and early in the fall of 1920 he was offered a job assisting the janitor in this store, this he did after closing hours which made it convenient for him to handle both jobs; all during this time he was saving his money and in 1921 he married a girl from his native land and she proved to be just as thrifty as he, so in 1922 they had enough money saved to make a down payment on a flat on Jackson St. in East Chicago, they bought the flat and furnished half of it for themselves and rented the other

-half unfurnished, in this way it was easy for them to make their payments on the flat and they were also able to save some money besides. He worked for nine years in this store. Then suddenly decided to open a shoe shining and shoe dyeing business for himself. At first this venture didn't prove so profitable as he anticipated it would. But after sticking with it and not earning much for over a year he finally worked up a nice little business and is still has it and is earning a living, he thinks however that it would have been better if he had stayed with the store where he had worked so long. They now have their flat payed for and have two nice children that are going to school and some day hope to take a trip to his native land; he has taken out his citizenship papers and has no desire to live any place other than San Francisco.

If they had found the Wolves
in Hind like hogs look pretty
little bone for the meat and
provide themselves
The boys were followed
when they left Dawson Chief
Dan Fact Bernard had
it was killed and he has
for $1.25 - the skin Dan and
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
the Indian tribes of the middle
west and extended over a wide
area including the Blackfeet of
N. D. where the buffalo roamed
by the thousands feeding on
the short grass of
the plains Drank from
buffalo grass

Ruler the Universe and to find
supply of patience she summons
this Young couple finally succeeds
in a fair way, until the
money they make and proceed
spend until finally their
prospects consist of three
of the finest farms in the
whole west. In the state
where he talk about [illegible]

Their son and children grow
up and marry and
have families of their own
Mr B. in a fight with Mr Sh and
loses part of the finger when
he did not know when he
met he and his little friend could
answer the call. Mr B. has retired from active life
and we enjoy his visit

a model wife and has as much
regard for his life's welfare
The family later moved to
California to get away from the
cold winters and hot summers
of the middle west.
Speaking of the physician he
is inclined to think the time he
spent in pioneering had the
present day beat a mile.
His father ran a saw mill
long enough to wear away about
all his molly buttons.
His B.S. degree for our institu-
tion is plenty of work for
every body and also at
one time sold H.S. Tonic at
rest of the world figure out
their own problems.

Mrs Cemp--

Born in Rome Italy - and was too young at first to enter into the war - but two years of the war - and I was given a Clerical position in the war department and stayed there until the war was over - and during the war - a friend of mine who had come to America - before the war and had settled in San Francisco kept on writing me to come over - as I could make more money over here in a week than I could earn in two months in Italy - well finally after the war I left - to come to San Francisco - My friend in San Francisco - while a good friend in school - seemed no ambition for me to come - he even - sent me a ticket - for first class fare - I could not understand why - he was so lavish - but I soon learned why - on my arrival here - he was a bootlegger - and he certainly was selling — money - to me it was all a dream! well I started to work for him as his confidential man (car)

But after several months realized the business I was in and the dangers I wrote to my people about and the begged me to leave him and this begged me to leave him after seven months - I left him - and got a job - with a wholesale grocery house - but the work was too hard I was not strong and after 7 months became ill - my friend I must admit - was real to me - he ran me thru my clothes - and got me a position - with a wholesale drug house - and have been there ever since - I enjoy my work - have married - am rearing a family - and hope to make more of them - than I have of myself - if the depression had not come - I believe I would have been more successful by now -

Jack E Manley

Cable Address
"BELLEVUE"

Hotel Bellevue

GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

Born in Naples - Italy - my father was Employed by the Government - as a Surveyor - while out on one of his projects to build a railroad - he was caught in a landslide and killed - I was nine years old when this happened - the government gave my mother a small pension just enough to get along on — we had a little money saved and owned our home - I had seen quite a bit of Italy as my father often - took us with us on his trips - My mother had a sister living - here in San Francisco and who kept writing us to come over - But my mother was reluctant to leave Italy - sort of afraid to leave her surroundings - however she finally made up her mind

to come - we sold our home and came to America - my mother had a bit of money - about 4000 ℳ/$ - from the sale of home - and a few dollars ~~the~~ had saved -

Upon our arrival here - my parent and Uncle - were really engaged in selling us - my Uncle - two was Born in Italy - he had a good going business as an importer of Olive Oil - Cheese and other Italian and French Products - They had no children - and truly I was ~~to~~ like their son - I went to school here - and finally to College - and graduated as an attorney - after being about a year in a law office my Uncle - took ill - and he wanted me to leave the law and come into his business - the doctor finally advised him to take a long rest

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Hotel Bellevue

GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

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and I kept the law office — and took charge of the business — my Uncle and Aunt — went on a trip to Europe — and my mother and I lived in their home — in fact we always did — we never had a better home and more kindness than ~~had~~ — my Uncle was a most gentle man —

He and my Aunt had gone for nearly a year — I had taken on two policemen — and the business had increased quite a bit — and upon my Uncles return he was so delighted that — he made me a Partner made me money in that year — than he ever made himself

my Uncle now 69 years old —
only comes to the office a few
hours a day — and he still
treats me as I were a little boy.
He is one loveable character.
He is very charitable — he
is very solicitous to see Italians
when he can help — that arrive
in the Country — he is a member
of nearly all Italian Societys'
I have never married — mostly
I guess on account of my mother
I always have been very close to
her — she often discuss my
getting married — my mother
feels when her time comes to
pass on — there will be no
one to look after me —
I guess she still thinks I'm
nine years old —
He only ever think of the
law business — only when I

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GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

5

have trying days in this business and then I say — well I should have you with [illegible] but guess every man thinks — he has the worst business on yet —

Jules E Mellmberger

I have all I can do to take care of myself, so I don't bother it is now 40 yrs since I left home. I am fully satisfied with this place and live a happy life. Good climate, plenty to eat and drink, pretty good health, so what more can I have.

While my home life as a kid was pretty poor + I had little time to play, and I cannot but be thankful to know and see the great difference the children in this country have to that of my own.

F. H. Dunn

San Francisco Calif 3/5/35.

Salomon V. Paul Liliuano.

I was born in Naples Italy in 1881. I have had very little education. I had no time for schooling as we all had to work as soon as we could. My family was poor and large. Our home was very old. I worked at almost everything I could get to help to feed the family. The wages was very small not enough to do anything with. All this I gave to my parents or rather they took all. I had about one suit of clothes a year or more. When I got 14 years old I came to this country, that was in 1895.

Since I came here I have followed that of Fisherman and am or have done pretty good. I have a stand or fish market out in the mission district.

Yes my parents are all dead and I have never seen them since I left home. The rest of the family I have lost track of.

San Francisco Calif. 3/17/35

Statement of Charles Chiatovich.

I was born in Palermo, Italy, in the year of 1879 and worked at most any thing I could get.

I attended school of arts for about 5 yrs.

My father was a cement worker and worked at that for many yrs. when I got strong enough I followed his trade, and have been doing that ever since.

I have, or had 2 sisters & 3 brothers but I have lost all track of them as they family is hard working people, we had a small home in Palermo, just enough to make its ends meet we had much to contend with, I left home when I was 16 years old and came to this country deciding to do much as I decided this country needed man that was willing to work, from reports I had

had

from my Friends I could make
lots of money, and now at my being
less 40 yrs old I am still looking
out to make a living, I made
more money when I first came
here as a stump man or boy, that
I have made since 30 yrs old during
this depression. So the last 20 yrs
yrs. I have been in the Contracting business, and I have
laid low all over the Pacific coast, both
of our Provinces.

And I am satisfied to live here
just the same, Valencia is a very
beautiful City, the City and suburbs
larger than San Francisco but I
would not change - would come back
to my land of the old Country

I am married and have 3 children
all married, my wife came from
the same place as I came and have
been in this Country since 39 yrs
old. She is a real american and
speak much better than I do perfect
English. I hope that business will
get better or me will all go to the Dogs.

J. T. Burt

Italians.

Borne in Italy in a fair size town, named Carrara two Brothers worked with their father, who had a small Marble business. This being very hard work for them with a small pay, they begin to think at better opportunities. From information they gotten from relatives out of the U.S.A, they decided to learn the grocery business in Italy on very less pay than they had before. Both of them worked together and planned together and they set out together in the year 1900 to the U.S.A. Both of them where at the age of 20 and 22 years and strong of build. As whatever the income was in Italy this type of people always looked to it that their children got strong and wholesome food. In fact it is born in them to demand strong and wholesome food. They did not understand the English language as they landed in New York in fact they do not yet speak broken English, but they have made a splendid progress and record of which many foreign people should be jealous of.

As there are many Italians in this country they followed the start of their countrymen. They set out from the large metropolitan city to smaller towns where they also again meet their fellow countrymen doing mostly heavy work, such as pick and shovel, also especially garbage work.

— — Italians — —

This garbage work is very hard work and there are only a few American labor who will do this work, as it takes strong built men. Of Course this two Italians were strong and could manage most any hard work that was giving them. This of Course was a strong and principal opportunity for them to be strong, as they went along and found their way to Calif with a good size money roll, by saving. They dressed simply and could walk on account the good pay, they however always maintained their father's country's system of supplying to their Body's good and wholesome food. They settled down in a large Calif city and soon were able to open a small delicatessen store of principally Italian food products. Here Came in some more opportunity for them, as they had the backing of a good size Italian Wholesale food house and they got a real start. After several years they found they could also get some American trade, but they found it needed sound real American citizens to handle this trade, so they managed to take in a American citizen. Their sucess however did not Come from the English speaking class. They did not wait for customers to Come in their store, like the usual grocery store.

Italians

One of these brothers set out and called at every Italian family in the entire city - carried with him samples of all Italian food products found in that way accumulated a great business. This was some idea of more opportunities they take the orders, deliver them exactly on their pay day time and collect for it. This food is expensive as the writer tried it out for a couple of weeks and found out the grocery bill would amount the double from the our regular grocery bill, but the food is worth it and it really builds strength and health. They claim most of their customers are of the ordinary labor class, and those people prefer food from the country where they were born.

These two Italians are now at the same location for over 20 years and are both real worthy citizens. They are very lucky and they make a very good income. They operate under the name of American Italian Co and do a annual business of over $30000. At Christmas time they will give a good size imported ham to their customers and will spend some $250 on advertising and of course since prohibition they have added the business of Italian wines etc. They keep their customers

Ed. Lamert.

Project 2F298
H.C.Beckwith
March 11th 1935.

Italian.

Bianco is a Venetian by birth, born as he was in that most unique and colorful city in the world, Venice. His home was on a small farm on the outskirts of the city, here, along with his two brothers and two sisters, he spent his early years, attending school in the nearby city. Bianco described to me the outstanding physical aspects of the city, namely the fact that it is built on islands with narrow streets of water; the citizens getting around the town by means of gondolas and also by the numerous bridges, the outstanding one, which as you know is " THE RIALTO ", immortalized by Shakespeare in his " MERCHANT OF VENICE ".

After his twelve years of schooling which is provided by the government, Bianco entered into the Italian army during the World War, terminating his period of service apparently unscathed.

It was in nineteen- hundred and twenty that Bianco came to the United States on a visit to an uncle in St.Joseph, Missouri. After having spent a year in this locality and liking it so well here, he decided to remain longer as a result of which he has continued to reside in this country and is now a citizen. In nineteen- twenty- one he came to California, locating in Contra Costa County with relatives.

Bianco's experiences have been diversified since arriving in our midst, having served an enlistment period in the Marine Corps at Quantico, Virginia, three years active service and four years in the reserve corps. Although he has many relatives in the United States now, his brothers and sisters still live in Venice, although his father and

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GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

Born in Loria - Italy - a small Hamlet in the mountains - there were about 175 people there - at most - we were all poor hill side farmers - and goat herders - the only thing nice about it was the beautifull climate - we never eat meat - the only time I can remember - was for Easter - my father would kill a goat - and perhaps at Christmas a chicken - But every body was strong and healthy - But I always wanted to get away from it all - my father had a friend - who was a cook in San Francisco - and my father who could not read or write much - always made me do the corresponding every few months - and at one time when I wrote him - asked him what he thought of me coming to San Francisco he wrote back - he would get me a position - where he worked

(over)

(over)

week & finally arrived here - and he got me a job - as dish washer where he was chef - but after six months or so - the continually confinement and the steam in the kitchen - made me sick - I was getting weaker all the time - the doctor said it was the continually - indoors for me that was effecting me - as I was 17 years old and the only time I was ever inside was when I slept for when it did not rain - Sally we even eat outside - so it was decided - that I should get an outside job - this chef - got me a job at a shoe shining stand and after being there four years - the owner - got a chance for a bigger stand - and I bought his stand and gradually - paid him off. my health was ok. a few months after I was working in the afternoon - I took the stand - improved right along - and when the depression came and we got 15¢ for a shine

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Hotel Bellevue

GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

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made good money - as much as 60 dollars per week & netted - and had 3 men waiting for me - married have 3 children all married and making a nice living - But the stand where I now am - for 27 years, does not pay anymore - for the last 33 months - have to draw from my savings 20 & 40 dollars each month to live - and pay expenses - but am holding on - with the hope & interest - well lots of people cannot - afford to have their shoes shined any longer - and very rarely - I shine shined pair of shoes - for old Customers of mine who gave me good tips in the boom days.

(over)

and then the 5th shine stands
hurt us too — I dont blame the
people - they must economize as they
have not the money - but I
my Costumers - who had their
shoes shined each day now
have them shined once or twice
a week -

In the conditions have more in -
stead of better - even now when
I begin to miss some of my Costumers
and I work - about them learned
they were laid off -

The only way - this depression
can be gotten over is to shorten
the hours - and give more people
work - the papers say - the
rich say - Roosevelt is trying to
take away - what they have
by taxes - well he cannot tax
the poor - it would do no
good - they could not pay the
tax -

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GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

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You cannot take - where there is nothing - and even if they - buy the meat - and the people are not working - that they take from the rich - will soon be eaten up - just like all the dale money - and after a few years we will be standing just where we are today - day - You see they killed - lots of cattle hogs - sheep - etc - well now the prices of meat have gone up people cannot buy meat - well that will bring the price down - as soon as your meat prices - when there is no money it stops the sale -

(over)

I can see I used to charge 15¢ for a shine - well when the depression came - business got way from then I cut to 10¢ and if I would cut to 5¢ I would double my business - but I could make no money myself I could not stay in business - at my business doubled - because I would need more men and material and could not - stay in business but a few months - well we have to see and hope for the best - someday somebody will figure it all out -

Jules E Mannheimer

Extract of Mr. [illegible]'s letter

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Case R. A.

R. A. was born in Lombardy, Italy, in Mantua, a provincial capital, in 1904. His parents were very poor and although he was an only child he was never sent to school. His father was a janitor in a famous Mantuan cathedral. The mother worked as a day servant in private homes and R. A. was often taken along. His mother was eager to give him some education but the indifference of his father in addition to the family's poverty prevented his attending school. He was taught to read and write at home and his uncle, a watch-repairman who boarded with R. A.'s parents, instructed him in simple arithmetic, and encouraged and directed his reading.

One of his earliest catastrophes — as it then seemed — was the departure of his uncle who came to New York. R. A. was then fifteen and felt himself sufficiently a man to join his uncle in the Latin's expansive venture into the new world. Even if his parents had given their consent, however, he had not the financial means to make the trip. Shortly after the momentous occasion of his uncle's undertaking, his mother secured him a job as a "kitchen boy" with a well-to-do family. His duties were those of

assisting the housekeeper (who was also cook); washing dishes, buying vegetables, peeling potatoes and similar menial employment.

He had worked in this capacity for about a year when his father died of a heart attack. His mother received a letter from R. I.'s uncle (maternal) which urged her to come to America where he could manage to provide them some sort of a home until R. I. could himself take care of himself and his mother. R. I. initially, evidently, disapproved this plan as he hated his work and disliked America but it is likely that his mother was too timid-hearted to face such a great change in their life. His desire to reach America was soon realized, however, when, in 1921, his mother died and he moved to Rochester, N. Y. where his uncle was employed.

The new environment did not greatly affect the nature of his means of securing a livelihood, however, for his first job was in the "cuisine" of a large, expensive - at that city Rochester hotel, and he was destined to continue in similar work. He came to Los Angeles in 1926 where a job had been held for him a former superior in the hotel at Rochester. He was discharged in 1933 due to a continued decline in the business of the

hotel. He then got a $12 a week job through an employment agency as a busboy in a Lipton's Cafeteria. In the summer of 1932 he was promoted to the assistant managership of the shop with a salary of $20 per week but shortly after was fired without any reasons given.

He had a small savings, part of which were used to come to Oakland where, after two months of diligent search he found a job at Williams' Lunch where he has since worked. He is still unmarried and has clearly not become completely Americanized for he speaks broken English and appears utterly ignorant of most of the American mores. His father unfortunate and disillusioning experiences have not made him unreliable and resentful, however. On the contrary he is an unusually willing talker given to hearty outbursts of unprovoked laughter.

Case L. S.

L. S. is a man of twenty-four who was born in Torino, Italy. He remembers nothing of his birthplace, however, for his parents brought him to America at the age of five. His father was a native Piedmontese whose occupation was that of an agricultural laborer. His mother, who had been married at the age of sixteen, was the daughter of a Torino clothing store owner. L. S.' parents left Italy with his mother's sister and her husband. They had little more than enough for transportation money but had contacts with cousins and friends in Youngstown, Ohio. L. S.' father and uncle both found work in a Youngstown steel mill. After three years there his father lost his job and moved (bringing his family, now enlarged by the arrival of a younger sister of L. S.) to Torino. At the latter place he found similar employment and was permanently settled. L. S. began school at the age of eight in Torino and went through the eighth grade, began high school but immediately dropped out to go to work as clerk at a news stand and confectionery. The following year he found a job at the

Western Automatic Co. in Elyria, Ohio (near Lorain) He attended a mechanics class at night school, took a correspondence course in mechanical engineering and applied himself in every way to advance himself in this work which he liked so much. He passed several engineering examinations, secured his boiler operator's license to - hoping eventually to become a licensed engineer. By 1928 he had become a "job-setter's" assistant (a machine repairman) and made about $35 per week (with considerable overtime). In that year he married - a daughter of a fellow-workman, a German. Less than six months later his pay amounted to about twenty dollars per week (working only a few days each week) and at last in the spring of 1930 the plant shut down and he was added to the swelling ranks of the unemployed. For a while he managed to get along on a meager wage secured in canvassing (subscriptions) for the Cleveland Plain Dealer. This became less and less remunerative, however, and he welcomed the chance, in 1932, to come to San Jose where his uncle had finally settled and was running a chain grocery store. He has been working as a grocery clerk ever since. Since the fall of 1933 he has worked

for an Oakland Safeway store. He has no savings for his small wages have been exhausted by doctor bills and other expenses connected with the continued illness of his wife who is extremely anemic. There are no children. There is practically no social association with other Italians in this case. He cannot speak Italian and seems completely untouched by influences other than American. He is a naturalized citizen. L. S.' greatest dissatisfaction arises from his present occupation which is so unlike the mechanical duties for which he feels fit.

Case J. M.

J. M. is an Italian worker of thirty three who was born in Modena and brought to America when he was fourteen. His father was a fruit-tree farmer for many years and later, when living in the city, a chef. His mother was a native of southern France. J. M. went to a Modena day-school which was, of course, Catholic. He liked school very much but remembers that he was always ashamed that he was only a day-pupil. The children of the more wealthy townspeople were "boarding-pupils" who lived in dormitories of the school. A real caste system existed in the school, according to J. M., for the day-pupils were never allowed to play at "mix" with the "boarders." The family came directly to San Francisco where J. M.'s father worked variously as cook, waiter, and pastry-baker. His mother also worked in a bakery. He never went to regular school in this country but attended evening classes and has studied independently at home. He is a naturalized citizen. Through his father he got a job as "bake-wagon helper"; soon was driving a truck and has thus been since employed ever since.

He speaks three languages fluently - English, his native Italian, and French which his mother taught him. He married a French girl seven years ago and has two daughters, aged five and two respectively. His father is now working for Ahrens Oil Co. and he, himself, drives a Langendorf bread truck. He is a strong union man and is an officer in his local. He has a great dislike of Fascism and declares himself unpopular thereby among his Italian friends. He follows political affairs with great interest, enjoys discussing them but is reluctant to relate his own experiences. He has been fortunate enough to maintain a steady income of about thirty-five dollars per week but his only possession is a big 1930 Buick.

Case C.R.

C.R. is an Italian woman of thirty-two who was born near Torino. The family moved to America when C.R. was eleven. At the time of their departure and a few years previously her father was farming but had once ran a café. Her grandfather had bequeathed a small farm to C.R.'s father who sold it to lease a shop and finance a café. The business gradually ran down, however, and after more than a decade of managing his café, C.R.'s father was forced to return to farming. He engaged in fruit-farming on a share basis with the landowner. Some money had remained from the alienation of the café and with the small return from the farm the family was able to pay their way to New York. There they were met by relatives (just who, C.R. does not know) and C.R.'s father was secured a job as waiter in an Italian restaurant. C.R. was put into a special immigrant school but later entered regular school in the fifth grade. When she was sixteen the family (C. now had a younger brother) moved to Newark where her father and a friend went into partnership in a restaurant. C.R. went one year in High School at

Newark and then dropped out to work out at housecleaning etc. - domestic work. When she was nineteen she married an Italian of twenty-five who worked on a newspaper; he supplied the newsboys with their papers and otherwise functioned as a circulation assistant. C.R.'s husband had an older brother who was a barber in San Francisco. Hoping to improve his position, C.R.'s husband decided to go West in 1927 and attempt to become a barber. He had long been suffering from tuberculosis and in 1928 he was forced to leave the barber school and go to Arizona. C.R. remained in San Francisco where she again made a small wage doing housework. In the summer of 1929 her husband died. He left no insurance and the expenses attendant to his death put her in debt. Since that time C.R. has worked as a waitress, chamber maid, cook's helper and is at present employed at the Oakland Dairy plant. Her father is now doing rather well in Newark and she hopes to return there soon.

She has the appearance of a much older woman and seems completely broken from so much work and misfortune. She speaks English well enough, but cannot

converse on anything but the simplest topics.

"You know," said Peter Celli to me, "I came to San Francisco from Italy in 1904. I told you before about my fruit and vegetable store that I owned up to 1929. I worked very day-long hours for twenty five years. Now aside from odd jobs, the C.W.A. and the S.E.R.A. I haven't had steady work for five years. But you know what this has done to me? For the first time since I came to America I have felt like a stranger here, I don't belong. I am on the outside looking in."

"You mean," I said, "the depression and being out of work so long has made America seem like a foreign country to you? Did you feel that way when you first came here?"

"No, no," I did not," answered Celli positively, "when I first landed in San Francisco everything was new, yes - but

the city was friendly. I felt I had come to a place where I had always wanted to be and where I belonged. I didn't feel like a stranger. I knew if I worked hard I could make and save money. There was nothing against me making good. But now - well, I don't know but I am sure that I know as well seems to be pulling away from me. The new friends I've known for years are different. There is no way to explain it but by saying - that lately I feel as though I don't belong in this country.

"I don't think that's it Celli," I said. "I think it's merely the feeling of helplessness - I might say uselessness, that comes from being out of work so long. I don't think it's confined to only people who were born in foreign countries. Before the depression if I was out of a job for two weeks - I began to have the feeling of being on the outside. Do you know if any of your foreign born friends feel the same way?"

"They don't talk much," Celli answered. "But I'll bet people who came from the

old countries will know what I mean far more than native born Americans."

"I doubt it," I answered, "but I'm going to scout around and find out."

So I went to John Mc. an accountant forty years old and who has been out of work for three years. I've known John Mc. for more than twenty years. I told him what Celli had said.

"His wrong," said Mc. decidedly. "those who are foreign born haven't got an edge on that feeling. I was born in San Francisco and lived here all my life but since I've been out of work I've felt like a stranger. It only comes from being out of a job - out of step with the majority. I walked for the same firm for fifteen years and I never pass the place that I don't feel I'm on the outside. How could I feel otherwise. Of course there are a hundred things that all mount up to keep a man down."

"What for example?" I asked.

"Well," answered Mc. "the attitude towards the unemployed by a great many of those people who have had the good fortune to hold on to their jobs. I have my own

relatives, acquired and otherwise, in mind when I say this because they touch me most. They are all working - have been through these past weary four years. I know few people as a group that have been so little touched by the depression. To them it doesn't exist. They are not aware of unemployment because they are not unemployed. Most of them are corporation men - as I was in the past - and their whole idea seems to be to close their eyes to conditions and lightly pass over anything that will tend to further their illusion of national prosperity. Now don't get me wrong - I don't believe in shouting sorrow and woe every minute of the day. Neither do I believe in being blind to conditions. The most irritating thing to me is this optomistic blindness of a certain well fed class. A mention of the depression or the fact there are millions of unemployed, or their presence is met with lifted eyebrows or a hostile silence. My brother in law, who hasn't got - gray hair in his head at fifty, thinks that all publicity on unemployment should be stricken from the newspapers. He likes what President

Roosevelt is doing to alleviate unemployment but he thinks it should be done secretly. The very mention of the depression makes him less contented. I merely mention these things because you asked for an example of things that make me feel a little outside. As it is I think millions of unemployed men have been attested by this same studied and hostile indifference by those who have been fortunate enough to keep jobs through this depression. Trying to give an unemployed man the idea there is no unemployment - doesn't help his morale by any means."

"But tell me Mr." I said, "suppose you got a good job tomorrow. Could you step right back into harness."

"As far as my work - accountancy is concerned," he said, "I could. There is no job in that line too big for me to handle. But if I got a job tomorrow I know what I would have to face. It would be an uneasy feeling in me that the job couldn't last. I'd always be waiting for a message from the front office that my services were no longer required. That's what happened after fifteen years in the old firm."

"That's not so good," I said, "it doesn't make for ambition."

"I know it," he answered, "but I can't help it. If I got a job with the biggest concern in America I'd be looking for it to crack overnight. That's what the depression has done to me."

I picked out another friend Joe F. and told him what Mc had said.

"Oh don't pay any attention to him," Joe said, "He's the worst pessimist in town. He doesn't seem to realize that his pessimism is just as bad as all the optimistic bunk you hear. He's not the only one. Though he's fell a lot further than you or I. Why - if I got a steady job tomorrow and started to pull out of the hole I'm in - I'd forget all the trouble I've been through overnight. It would just fade away as though it never happened. And don't get the idea I haven't had just as much trouble as the next fellow."

"I know what the feeling of being on the outside looking in that Callie and Mc. speak about?" I asked.

at a San Francisco

"Ahh that's baloney," said Joe. "I don't feel anything like that. The whole country is in the same boat. A man with a job has had more good luck than the man out of a job but both of them walk together as far as the country is concerned. Yes - you get me a job tomorrow and I'll take up right where I left off. This depression hasn't got to me like it has a lot of people."

"Well you're lucky Joe," I said, "you're lucky!"

Case B. G.

B. G. was born in Messina, Italy in 1909 and was brought to America in 1912. He knows little of his parents' position in Italy except the customary fact that they were very poor, and that his father worked on a farm and had been in the Italian army. The G. family settled in Chicago where B's (who was the oldest (Eld.) brothers and sisters were born. He had six brothers, two of whom died at an early age, and four sisters. His earliest memory of his father's occupation is that of a ditch-digger. His father worked at every kind of hard labor including laying railroad ties, working on telephone pole gangs, shovelling snow etc. He eventually got a permanent job as a janitor of a large bank building. B. G. went as far in school as the second year of high school and then his father, due to the many hungry mouths to feed and bodies to clothe, made him quit and shift for himself. His first jobs were those of newsboy and bootblack. He says that his father literally drove him out. In 1928 he came to California — hitch-hiking — with his seventeen-year old brother. They found part-time work at a San Francisco produce market

and eventually regular jobs as clerks at the vegetable stand. Later his younger brother got a milk route, paying over $30 per week with the Bell-Brook dairy which he still retains. B. D. has been less fortunate than his brother, and, being frequently unemployed - for a time in a C.C.C. camp - and never making good wages - is now on S.E.R.A. relief. He has no trade, a natural result of his early life, but is now taking night school work in timing.

He knows very little of the Italian language although he is actually not an American citizen. He has completely lost contact with his family in Chicago, but knows of various brothers and sisters who are scattered all over the country and whose ejection from home depleated his. He has an immediate prospect of a job, tomorrow, at a fruit market soon to open.

Research submitted by
Rudolph Fiedler #6516

F-1

Place of birth: Italy
Occupation: Butcher
Political: Republican

C 1

Remarks: F-1 recalls the inauguration of the [illegible] Emperor William and the success which the Germans had [illegible] efforts as the direct result of the energy [illegible] and thorough [illegible]. A native of Italy, the family [illegible] during the days of the Austrian rule [illegible] to work for much [illegible] [illegible] attempted to study [illegible] engaged in the [illegible] [illegible] during the [illegible] is forming [illegible] F-1 [illegible] good education in the public [illegible] schools of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

He has not as yet learned the American method of work working hours and longer hours of leisure.

Germans and Italians. The great majority of our foreigners and Italians.

These people are all of the Roman Catholic religion and denomination, other than [illegible]

The [illegible] from Christening to the last [illegible] for the dead but, a great many [illegible] the immortality of the soul. It is [illegible]

[illegible] immediately goes to work saves his money
[illegible] a year or two, if not married, marries
[illegible] either in this country among his own
[illegible] or, goes to Italy and in a few months
[illegible]

He is naturally settles in an Italian colony,
associates with his own people, speaks his own
[illegible]. The result is that he lives about many
years before he can [illegible] English enough to
be understood at all. He knows nothing of our
Institutions, Ideals or aspirations. Not [illegible]
[illegible] the
[illegible] literacy test, [illegible]
[illegible]. The above is merely a [illegible]
which I have gathered in more than twenty years
of [illegible] with the Italian people in Chicago
and in the "Italian Quarter" of San Francisco.
I know, at the present Time in Chicago, many
of the Italian generations and some more such
as San Francisco, with [illegible]

Thirty years ago [illegible] of Texas were born [illegible] and [illegible] could not read or write.

[illegible] of Texas were born and that there were no public schools in Texas as we have now and that if they wanted an education it was necessary to pay for it. The result is that many [illegible] could not read or write as their parents were poor and could not afford the luxuries [illegible] of the present day.

They appreciate the value of an education and realize that their children attend our schools regularly. [illegible] of them have graduated from the High or Grammar Grades. They maintain a well kept home and have [illegible] of them and [illegible] citizens.

Baron # 11 — b...

e3

...

...

...

This Title is about an aged Indian who died here a few weeks ago. He was about 80 yrs of age when he died. He was an Indian [illegible] in Alameda County [illegible] Fifty years ago. He left numerous descendants. Lucky [illegible] through marriage. His mother [illegible] North Italy and his father [illegible] At the time of his arrival there were [illegible] and he and others were not slaves in fact but [illegible] Fourteen acres of land [illegible] ago and this land has been [illegible] for them ever since, either under their own [illegible]

This old gentleman and his sisters were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

now forty years old. He
and has been working his
retail sale of

#32

Mr. X was born on the Island of Lagosa in the northern part of the Adriatic sea, not fora from Trieste.

The fishing is the major industry in this region and, with the exception of a small number of farmers, the whole population lives thru incomes from fishing. Mr. X's family owned a small fishing boat. His two older brothers and father went regularly on fishing trips and he himself often asked to help. But his ambition to become a sailor takes Mr. X away from this very picturesque little island, and brings him to Trieste, one of major ports on the Adriatic. He was about 14 when he began sailing. The first company he worked for was the Lloyd of Trieste (Loyds Triestino). For several years he sailed on the oriental route, from Trieste to Levant and Orient. Bigining from a messboy he gradually advanced to a sailor (a deckhand)

He liked very much to navigate. During the war they had some interesting experiences

The ship was captured by the enemy fleet and sent to a French colony of Tunis in the port of Bizerta. Mr. X spent there two years working as a prisoner. (The ships carried the Austrian flag therefore it was the enemy of France).

After the war he was released and went home. The island of Togasa was in a turmoil. The London treaty (?) gave a group of these islands to Italy as a reward for taking side with the Allies. The people on all these islands were of slavic origin and unwilling to become Italianized. So many of them emmigrated to the Dalmation coast. Mr. X. being an experienced sailor got a job and worked on various ships until finally he landed in New Orleans and left the ship. He actually ran away not getting proper discharge papers. In New Orleans he found several of his countrymen fishing oysters. So he worked there for a while. In 1929 he came to California, where he obtained employment in the S.P. Shops. He has been there ever since. Mr. X. is, what we may

call a class conscious worker. His sympathies are with the Communists although he is unwilling to do anything himself.— "You see, my brother was a red in Los Angeles. He got into lot of trouble. He was deported and is in Paris now. You know I got a job, and if I did not have it I would join up with the reds. I would not have anything to lose, now I have the job, and do not wind to lose it."—

Mr. X. reads considerably. I saw several good books in his home among which I noticed Lenin's State and Revolution (In Selkin) and F. Engles' Origin of Family—

Pt. Jan. 12 13

Statement of L. Salazar

I am a native of Chile and have been in this country for 30 yrs. I speak 5 different languages. While I was here I worked at almost anything I could get to make a living. At one time I worked in a hotel dishwasher etc. Since I have been in this country I have followed the Restaurant business as much as possible, as it is quick cash money and health. After our return from our last visit to Tampa I made plenty of money to retire but lost it all in stock. I am now doing the same thing that I did when I first came here am willing to do anything that so that I can make a living although I am broke and still have

I've use to complain as long as I
can eat and have my wine.
I am alone, and have no one
to depend on me, am having a
good time so what's the difference
I am now 65 yrs old and
when I go, I am satisfied.
P. T. Barnum

City Nov. 19-34

Statement of Ganardi

I was born on a farm few miles from Genoa, Italy where I worked for my father until I was 15 yrs old. I did all kind of work; started when I was about 5 yrs old. I had some schooling not very much, our home life were simple, but fairly good, I thought at the time, but since living here in this country, I have found out the difference here I live like a king.

I left home when I was 14 yrs old and worked in a bakery in the city of Genoa. Where I stayed until 1911 and learned that trade.

I was then that is in 1911 I had to serve in the army for 20 months, got my discharge, three months later during that time my company was transfered to Tripoli where I saw and was in some big battle, had fighting. Three months after my discharge I was again called for 4 to enlist in the big war and was made a Sergeant of my company, and where I stayed

Until [illegible]

I came to this country in 1920 and
worked at Newfoundland a baker until
1925. Then I [illegible] to visit my
parents there is 2 more brothers and
one sister in my family all married
and working at farming. I stayed
home for nearly a yr. then I went back to
U.S. on my return journey to Halifax
[illegible] married to children
[illegible] my wife's home and am.
[illegible] with the whole world.

[illegible] I was a
[illegible] all the time I was in
[illegible] I was [illegible]
[illegible]

Words--1000

Report by Isom Shepard,
962 McAllister Street.
For November 20, 1934.

"I peeka up shovela dirt. I puta heem here. Coma Pete. He peeka mya shovela dirt, he laya heem there. Bossa coma. Hesa say: 'Jack, bringa dirta backa here.' We puta dirta backa where I geta heem. Thata waya alla day. Youa worka harda lika hell. Youa dua noth."

Thusly Jack Sebastiani, SERA worker at Lake Merced, describes his daily toil as a common laborer. Jack and his friend Pete, have been working on this project several months. Both got"fed up"on the job a short time ago, so they agree between themselves to get a better one. How would they do it? Ah! Pete has a brillian idea one night after returning home from his day of slavery. He can hardly wait until he has had his spaghetti and wine, to rush over to Jack's house and tell him about it. After a hurried repast he "hot-foots" it to Jack's home to unfold the visualized promotion plan.

Seated at Jack's kitchen table, hat on his head, a glass of wine in one hand and beams of elation in his eyes, he waxes enthusiastic.

Now, Jack, isn't there Mayor Rossi? Isn't there Supervisor Ratto? Isn't there Supervisor Roncovieri? All in key positions, eh, Jack, and all good Italians. What's to prevent you and me from going to these officials and demanding better jobs? Nothing. Aren't we Italians also? Tomorrow, no work. A good day to see these birds and get all fixed up for the big money.

Bright and early the next morning the two set out. At the City Hall they find Mayor Rossi as elusive as the wisest politician. They can't even get in to see the Mayor--his secretary stops them.

All right, they'll see Roncovieri. Sure, he'll go into action quickly. They corner him on the fourth floor and tearfully lay their grievance before him. He listens sympathetically with sadness on his

(MORE)

countenance. When they have finished he tells them he is very, very sorry, but what can he do? He's only a supervisor and not in the best of graces with the powers behind the SERA. Ah! He has a bright thought. There's Ratto. He's an Italian and seems able to get what he wants. Go see him and tell him Roncovieri sent you. You say the Mayor wouldn't see you? Too bad, but you know the Mayor is a very busy man.

Jack and Pete learn Ratto is confined at his home with a dangerously bad cold and will not be at the City Hall that day. Would that stop them? Not on your life. They look up his home address, grab a street car and away they go for a solmn conference at the bedside of the ailing supervisor.

Arrived at his home, the two debate a method of approach to the sick official. He might be terribly ill--maybe in bed on the verge of death. Walking softly the two approach the door. Pete screws up his courage enough to touch the bell once very lightly. They hear footsteps approaching. Each stands hat in hand, head slightly bowed out of respect to the perilously ill. The door knob turns. The door suddenly opens, and--

There before them, in the pink of health, stands Ratto.

When they had sufficiently recovered from this shock they laid their now waning ambitions before him. Ratto listened with due solmnity. When they had finished tears welled his eyes, and he placed a hand over his breaking heart as he told them he was helpless to aid them. Was he not a new supervisor without the prestige of long public service? Who would listen to him, a new man in office?

Then Ratto has a happy thought. His heart grows cheerful; a smile spreads over his olive-hued face. Of course he could help them. They were good Italians. Why not guide the feet of his own countrymen into the path of prosperity? "Now there's Roncovieri--"

(MORE)

- Italian -

6 11

Was born, and long resided in the town of Piacenza, situated in Northern Italy, and of about fifty thousand inhabitants.
He is very well educated, speaking both English and French.
His father was a well to do farmer, and manufacturer, a certain kind of wheat peculiar to that province, which was always in great demand. His children, of which there were three, all boys, were apprenticed out, in different professions. This particular party, was apprenticed to a Tailor of trade, but as it did not appeal to him, he got in the Italian Consular service, as a subordinate clerk.
Was sent to Turkey, being there about a year and a half, but had to resign on account of his health, and returned to Italy. He had served his time in the Italian army, with the Alpine troops, but was still in the reserve. He stayed in Rome, picking up odd clerical jobs, but nothing permanent.
After living from hand to mouth for several months, with no earning possibilities whatever, he concluded to leave Rome

Was undecided whether to try the United States, or South America, so decided to stop a-going, and the comrade U. S. A.
Had a great deal of trouble in getting permission to leave the country, but through the efforts of friends in the Diplomatic service he succeeded in getting the necessary passport.
He never was a Black Shirt, and decidedly not in favor of the present form of government but had managed to conceal the fact, otherwise he would be in some unknown prison, as his brother is at present, no one knows where he says, to give Mussolini rope enough and he will hang himself, if some patriot does not short him in the meantime.
Italy and all Europe, is a seething volcano and he looks for the eruption any day.
It was a fortunate circumstance for him when the comfliction said the United States. Consul-General Haas, arriving in Berlin, the Spring of last year, had not been in town a week, before he had looked up a lucrative position, with a Trust interested in Fertilizer. His salary was as much again as he had been

earned before, and the products for the future are accordingly bright.

Has been sent to this country as representative of the Boston firm, and here he intends to stay, as this is the country of his dreams. In the old country they lived fairly well; a large seven room house, plenty to eat, the house comfortably furnished, and three servants to do the work.

Here with a higher class Italian family, who live well, and has leisure time, that he uses in studying American law, so that when he has acquired his final papers to citizenship, he will be combined in the Italian Colony.

The unrest of the people in this country will settle down to common sense and the people will gradually get what is rightfully theirs. The business be deemed in this country, as well as Europe.

This man is not an agitator in any sense of the word, just a cool level headed Italian; always the

Gruer

H.J.Z.

Dr. Paul Radin - R

The subject of this narrative was born in Bologna, Italy, in the province of Cisalpine Gaul. In speaking of which he said it resembled California very much in climate and in the productivity of the soil where they raise olives, vineyards, dairies, vegetables of all kinds, chickens, etc. The farms were rented on the tenantry system on a fifty - fifty basis. He said the farmers were very thrifty and this method of rental proved beneficial to all parties concerned.

He attended school through the third grade which is equivalent to the sixth grade in our schools, they have more boys for years in Italy and each grade takes one year to complete whereas we take only six months to each grade.

H.J.Z.

He came to this country with a sister at the age of fourteen and went to Illinois where his father was living and working as a foreman in a gas company and for whom he has worked up to the present time which is nearly forty years. He was placed under his father as an apprentice repairing meters in which he became very proficient and worked for three years. Being of an erratic disposition he decided to quit and soon after obtained a position with the Armour Packing Company making bologny sausages, here he worked three years, until a friend wrote to him from California to come on a visit which he did and was so much impressed that his visit has lasted thus far twelve years.

He has tried several times to obtain work with the P.G.& E. Company to repair gas meters

A.J.Z.

but has been unsuccessful as he says it takes considerable pull to get into this company.

He obtained a job in Albany with a German sausage manufacturer with whom he worked three years. It seems a coincidence that he has worked in cycles of three years in this past year, but since the depression he has not been so fortunate, during which time he was worked at the shoe repairing business and then as a boot black which he has followed for the last four years, he owns the stand but is not satisfied with his calling but says he would rather do that than walk the streets.

He has two brothers in Italy who would like to come here but it is very hard to obtain entrance to the United States and besides Mussolini has them drafted to do military work for eighteen months, for which they obtain food, clothing and about twenty five cents

per day. The exercise they receive is very strenuous and they are glad when their service is over.

Report by Isom Shepard,
962 McAllister Street,
For November 6, 1934.

As a politician the Italian is excelled only by the Irish. He is suttle and astute. That's why the average Italian cannot understand the recent defeat of Chauncey Tromutolo in the Fourth district by Florence Kahn.

Ask him and he will tell you that in this district alone there are 20,000 xx Italian votes compared with 5,000 Jewish votes. When they speak of Italian votes they refer both to those born in Italy and those of Italian extraction born in the United States.

What they can't understand is that up to about ten years ago the percentage of Catholics in this district xxx of voting age was 54 to 46. Now the Protestants and Catholics are about fifty-fifty. Before they had banked largely on the Catholic as well as Italian vote to win. They have always been able to elect several members to the Board of Supervisors.

The Italian makes a racket of politics, just as other nationalities do, so when they lost Malateste for supervisor three years ago, they will tell you, it opened their eyes. When Tromutolo got into the race this year they had gathered all their forces and swung them behind him. His defeat they can't understand.

An Italian will not believe Mayor Rossi asked Governor Merriam to call out the Malitia in the recent longshoremen's strike, despite the fact that Supervisor Gallagher has sprung official documents to prove that he did. There are hundreds of Italians working on the waterfront as stevedores and they are strong union men. Tell one of them the Mayor asked for the soldiers and you'll get a shrug of the shoulders and a look of contempt.

Tell the Italian you meet casually that Tromutolo cut off his own

political head when he came out against Upton Sinclair for governor and he just can't believe it, although nearly every Sinclair man in the district made up his mind to knife Tromutolo the minute he issued the statement that he was against Sinclair.

Now returns A.P.Giannini from the east and issues a statement that there is something wrong with the economic system when a man like Sinclair can pull nearly a million votes, and blames the depression on ~~Wall~~ the financial vultures of Wall Street who have lived from the blood of the people of the entire nation. Tell the average Italian this, show him Giannini's statement in the newspapers, and he will admit it must be so because another Italian has said so.

But they are now girding their armor for the big drive next year to re-elect Mayor Rossi.

"Hesa friend," they will tell you. "Hesa be elected."

~~THEND~~

(THE END)

For Lb. Radio — by Thomas Barnett

Peter Cartè — Italian — Age 78 — X

Peter Cartè was brought to America from Italy in 1898. He was then twelve years old the eldest of three children. From the day he landed in San Francisco Cartè worked - worked as a child for his parents and sisters - and as a man for his own family. His is the story of a man who was never able or didn't try to rise above circumstances. As far as America is concerned, he says, he would just as soon be in Italy - he'd have to work in Italy the same as he does here. Though he has been here thirty - six years he speaks very poor English. He has never taken advantage of any educational facilities the country affords. For himself all he cares and has cared is to keep a roof over his head and some food in the pantry. Yet he has raised a family of five children who love for and stand by him in everything - and each one of the two girls and three boys have good

of the Board of Education
in indicating that Peter Curtis children were
positions of their own. He sees them once
in a while he says but mostly they are too
busy to come back home for any great length
of time. As for Curtis at present he owns a
little boot black stand on Larkin street which
makes enough to keep himself and wife - and
in his stated way he is contented.

When he reached San Francisco at the age
of twelve he was at once put to work in his
uncles grocery store. He did odd jobs around the
store until he gradually picked up enough of
the language and knowledge of American monetary
system to go behind the counter and sell. For
his labor his family was given a house to live
in behind the store and their groceries. His
father worked in the commission district and
so the Curtis family managed to get along.
Though his younger brothers went to school
Peter Curtis never did. He worked and that's
all there was to it. Both Peter Curtis brothers
have gone far beyond him. One is a contract-
ing engineer - one manages a large hotel in
Los Angeles. Later it was mainly due to
their efforts and the more stringent rules and

of the Board of Education
insistance, that Peter Curtis children were
given education. Until he was twenty Curtis
worked for his uncle in his store. At that
time his father opened a furniture store of his
own and for his son it was merely stepping
from one store into another. When he was
twenty one he was receiving $40.00 a month and
his board from his father. So he married
bringing his wife home to live with his parents.
Evidently she was far more efficient and
aggressive than her husband for at once she took
over the running of the household and the store.
Curtis father and mother were old and perfectly
willing to allow her to do this. She seems
to have made a go of it besides raising a
large family. In 1925 Curtis parents died
leaving him the store. He was tired of
being a gracerynan and he wanted to sell
the store at once. But his wife objected.
With the help of the children who were in
school they were making a good living in the
store - they would not sell. But Curtis
wanted to get away. So with a friend

he bought a small bootblack stand on L. street. This was in 1926. He has been there ever since. It was rather fortunate that he bought into the bootblack stand. The business in the store gradually fell off until they were hardly making expenses. Cortie says one of the causes for this was that during prohibition his wife refused to boot leg. What-ever the cause, in 1930 the store just faded away. No purchaser could be found for it. Unbeknown to him his wife had loaned a great deal of money to his children to set them up in business. They will get this all back some day Cortie says - but until then his share in the boot black stand is the sole support of herself and wife. The $2.50 or $3.00 he makes clear in a day is very welcome. As it is it is an easy life and Cortie likes things easy now. He began to work hard when he was young - too hard, he says, so who can blame him if he doesn't like hard labor any longer.

Carli, more than any man yet interviewed, seems absolutely untouched by his thirty-six years life in America. The impression he gives is that only yesterday he might have landed in San Francisco. Yet in his slow stolid way he has brought up a large family - and each one he says is making good. As for himself, now 48 years old, he is content to make a living in his boat-black stand. He has no intention of making a change.